

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Feb. 8, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

We are favored with an interesting letter from Dr. Moonan, our representative, which is given to the public this week.

WARD MCALISTER is dead. He was authority on all matters pertaining to society. The predilections of the man, who has a worldwide reputation, were whist, billiards, and small talk.

WAR seems almost certain between Mexico and Guatemala concerning some unfulfilled treaty of long standing, and boundary limits. The war fever is said to be raging among all classes in Mexico, and more especially among the students of the law, medical, and military schools.

It seems the Bar Association of West Virginia have in view more rigid tests of qualifications for licensure to practice in the courts of our state. The provisions recommended will virtually exclude all applicants except college trained, and considerable opposition may be expected from the rural districts.

SENATOR DAVID B. HILL made a wonderful address at a club dinner in New York, last week, showing where the Democratic party had missed it. Among other things said was that they placed too much hope in the repeal of the Sherman silver purchasing bill, which was of no especial importance, and then instead of proceeding to supply its place by financial legislation, went to work on the tariff, over which they split into numerous factions. What we need now, he said, is a revision of our money system. As long as we have paper money depending for its desirability on different basises, the government will suffer by capitalists who accumulate gold certificates by the exchange of greenbacks, and use them to have the gold reserve at their mercy. He speaks hopefully of the prospect of renewed activity in commercial circles, which will give the government enough revenue for its expenses, and that this borrowing is but temporary. He claims that the income tax was unjustly imposed, as it was no part of the party platform.

Dr. C. L. Austin's Good Luck.

The news that Dr. Austin, of Green Bank, had been appointed assistant physician of the hospital for the insane, at Weston, was received by his many friends of this county with surprise, as they did not know that he was an applicant for the position. We regret that his work will remove him from our county while he holds this post, but can congratulate him on his signal victory in securing it. The fight was hot while it lasted. The applicants, besides himself, were Dr. Morrison, of Braxton, Dr. L. G. of Wheeling, Drs. Simpson, Wadler, and Lawson, of Lewis. Of the directors, Messrs. Smoot and Sweetland favored Dr. Austin from the first. It is also reported that he was the choice of Governor MacCorkle. The vacancy is the one made by Dr. Edington's death.

Dr. Austin has been a citizen of this county for a number of years, coming here from Lewisburg, and establishing at once a lucrative practice. He was always a most successful practitioner. The office he has secured is a semi-political one, and rewards him in part for many years of active service in the Democratic ranks. He is soon to be our representative, Dr. J. P. Moonan.

The Legislature.

The movement to establish an industrial school for girls, has received a fresh impetus from Hon. H. G. Davis, who offers in a public letter to the Legislature to give \$50,000 towards it, if the State will make an appropriation of \$10,000 or \$15,000 yearly to its support. The trail of a very harmless serpent is seen over the tail end of this letter, as the offer also includes grounds at Davis or Elkins, the towns in which Mr. Davis is interested, and one of which would be materially enhanced by the institution if established there. There could not be a better point than Elkins found for its location. The school would fit young, friendless girls for the affairs of life, and a man would be hard to find who would say that funds so appropriated would be misappropriated.

Our representative has introduced a bill (House Bill No. 264) relating to the pay of physicians summoned as expert witnesses.

When Governor MacCorkle vetoed the first bill, it was not the sensational affair that every one had looked forward to. The bill vetoed was that one relating to the establishment of the new county of Mingo, on the grounds that the bill was unconstitutional. The defect of the bill was that it included in its provisions an appointment of county commissioners, which power lies only with the governor of the state. It may yet pass in an amended form.

The Republicans have met in caucus and appointed an advisory committee to look over proposed legislation. This completes the chain reaching from Elkins as the head right down to the final reading of the bill. The whole thing is working like a machine with hardly a jar.

Colonel St. Clair is the author of the bill to prevent railroad companies dealing in coal and coke, which was introduced by our Senator Haynes. Colonel St. Clair represents the coal operators.

The new school books adopted are Montgomery's instead of Holmes' history; Meservi's instead of Mayo's book-keeping; and Hyde's for Harvey's grammar. Lewis' History of West Virginia is added to the list. A reduction of 40 per cent. from the present contract price has been provided.

A bill defining a lawful fence was scornfully rejected. There is nothing rural about this legislature.

The Democrats say that it is impossible to finish the business before the legislature in the forty-five days, but the Republicans only say "Wait and see!"

Weather Report.

(FOR JANUARY, 1895.)

1, clear; 2, snow; 3, partly clear; 4, snow; 5, clear; 6, rain; 7, cloudy; 8, 9, snow; 10, rain; 11, 12, 13, snow; 14, partly clear; 15, 16, rain; 17, 18, partly clear; 19, cloudy; 20, partly clear; 21, rain; 22, 23, snow; 24, clear; 25, 26, snow; 27, clear; 28, snow; 29, cloudy; 30, partly clear; 31, cloudy. M. G. MATHEWS.

*Coldest day.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895. Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

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Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
E. K. BUNN,
Deputy-Sheriff.

FOR RENT! ² story-house
occupied by J. P. Golden
J. K. FOSS, Ettray, W. Va.

2 story-house
occupied by J. P. Golden
J. K. FOSS, Ettray, W. Va.

Bargains! Bargains!

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Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets, Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

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Peerless Feed Grinder.

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lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

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per day 1.00
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— Miss Anna Wallace has formed a music class at this place.

— Mr. Wiley, of Tucker County, a real estate dealer, is stopping in Marlinton for the time being.

— The postoffice crossed the bridge last Friday, and is now found in the Cunningham building, next door to the TIMES office.

— Mr. Roland Price, of Jane Lew, W. Va., brought nine horses to Pocahontas, this week, to trade or sell. Billy Mann is now working with Mr. Price.

— Now is the time to provide yourself with a good overcoat and a heavy all around suit of clothes, at rockbottom prices while S. W. Holt is clearing out his winter stock.

— According to reports, the rainfall of 1894 was only 30 inches in this part of the country, which has an annual average rainfall of 40 inches. For eighteen months before January 1, 1895, the rainfall was in this proportion.

— At the foot of every mountain on the roads a big lot of trees may be seen, often heaped into a sort of wind-break. At first glance the traveler may wonder where these trees come from. When he sees every sled coming down the mountain has a tree attached as a drag, the mystery is explained.

— The route traveled in going from the county-seat of Pocahontas to the county-seat of Webster, adjoining counties, is equivalent to traveling the two long sides of a triangle. This means that there is a lot of undeveloped country in this triangle. We refer to the wagon road in this article.

— A maiden lady in one of our large cities stepped on the track of a trolley line. She feared that she had received an electric shock, and asked the conductor of a car whether it would hurt her. He said not unless she would put her other foot on the wire over the car and complete the circuit. The lady was shocked.

— The town has presented a very animated appearance the past few days, so many persons wishing to see the inducements recently advertised by the merchants. Some one observes it is like seeing silver dollars in the road and not picking them up to go away from Marlinton without buying something.

— This is the best winter ever seen for sledding, and there never was more of it done. We noticed an ingenious device for preventing a sled from "sticking" when stopped, so that it is hard to be started again. The teamster in question had a round handspike which he put under the runners and stopped the sled on top of it. This destroyed the suction, and there was no trouble to start again.

— Friday night, returning from Marlinton school entertainment, the horse driven by Messrs. Henry and Darius Moore, became unmanageable at the battery between the bridge and the island. Their sleigh collided with the one occupied by Miss Minnie Tyler and her escort, Mr. Sam Sharp, of Frost. The latter was completely wrecked, but Miss Tyler was taken up by friends and reached home without special injury. Mr. Sharp took it horse-back to Edray parsonage. The other sleigh, slightly broken, was soon on the track again.

— It is no uncommon sight for the traveler to see a lonely wild turkey sail across the valley in front of him. The long-continued storm is making them scratch for a living. They eat buds and moss, and frequent warm springs where they can pick up gravel to digest their food. All fur animals are thriving, but great numbers of them are being caught. Mr. Davis, on William's River, captured an otter, which had a most beautiful pelt near six feet long.

O. Jack, Esq., on Elk, has caught a number of foxes, and has been running some wildcats, as traps will suffer in the spring if some are not caught. He says that there are more foxes this year than he has ever known before. A pack near Marlinton caught four one week, pulling one large red fox down in sight of the road near Dixon's.

— An important suit was submitted to the Supreme Court, last week, from Randolph County. It was the case of Dewing & Sons vs. Col. E. Hutton and others. There were numerous briefs in the case, and the record contained 2100 pages and was bound into two volumes.

— A panther track was seen on Elk Mountain the other day. There is evidently an old panther hanging around these mountains, as it was seen near the foot of Elk last December. Some of the boys will come in missing some of these nights, and the panther will go home full.

— Mr. John Sydenstricker's school, on Elk, closed last Friday, with the usual proceedings. In the afternoon a great game of football took place, played on the snow crust. Near this schoolhouse is a natural toboggan slide, which is in a fine state for sliding.

— On last Saturday, "it being ground-hog day for said county," the observers of weather signs watched and hoped for clouds all day enough to prevent the ground-hog from seeing his shadow. But the die was cast, and also the shadow, and we are in for six more weeks rough weather.

— Get ready for sugar making, for many were left last year because they were not ready to work when the time came. There was only one good "sugar spell" last year. The trees are frozen enough this season to repay the trouble of getting ready.

— Mr. Harvey Maupin has been sorely troubled with boils on his arms, the past week. Some one, to console him, spoke of the proverbial valuation put upon the boil. He said that might be, but his cost seven dollars more than they had been worth to him, so far as he could make out.

— **SAVED!** What is saved? Time and money by buying your Carpets at 20c, former price 30c; Oil Carpet 25c former price 35c; Ladies' Underwear 25 per cent, below usual price at P. GOLDEN'S.

— Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo, slipped and fell, last week, hurting one hip bone most severely. The latest report says that he is rapidly recovering from the effects.

Typhoid Fever in Webster.

Typhoid fever is raging in that settlement lying on Elk River, immediately below the Pocahontas County line. Almost every body living in that valley has it. One whole family, named Sicafoos, numbering eight, are lying sick in one room, and the neighbors are afraid to come in and nurse them or provide them wood and other necessities this terrible weather. Dr. Cameron, of Linwood, is the attending physician, and has a ride of twenty miles to make to reach the settlement, to which there is really no road. How the disease got into this secluded retreat is a mystery, but it is supposed to have come from some cases on the river in Pocahontas, fifteen miles above. Several deaths have occurred.

From the Pastor.

A pleasant episode occurred at Pleasant Grove school-house, near Edray, last Sabbath evening. At the close of the services, largely attended, a young gentleman arose and suggested that the audience, mainly of young people, present the minister some testimonial of their appreciation of his efforts for their welfare. A handsome contribution was made, which is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Such action on the part of youth is cheering and encouraging to their ministerial friends, and significant of good.

W. T. P.

— **A Remarkable Rainbow.** Last Monday was a rough day. It commenced by blowing and snowing, but got cold and clear before night. About an hour before sunset a beautiful rainbow appeared in the north-west extending about half way to the zenith. It was observed for half-hour by any one near Linwood, on Elk. The thermometer was at about zero, and there was a strong, swirling wind which was lifting the snow in columns, like dust in a summer whirlwind. The various colors of this rainbow were as distinctly outlined as any to be seen in the sunset.

Maj. James H. Stratton Dead.

LEWISBURG, W. VA., February 3, 1895.—Maj. James H. Stratton, the well-known hotel keeper, of this place, died yesterday morning, after a short illness. He was a retired steamboat captain, and has lived in Lewisburg for some years. His funeral will take place from the Presbyterian church to-morrow.

TRYED TO BREAK JAIL.

Alex. Armstrong would have Left His Warm Warm Cot.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA., Feb. 6, 1895.—Alex. Armstrong, lying in jail at this place to answer a charge of burglary, attempted to escape from the jail last night. By aid of a lamp and kerosene oil, they burned a hole through a four inch oak partition, the wall of their cell in the second story, into an adjoining cell which was unoccupied. By chance the empty cell was locked. This prevented their escape. Armstrong had been separated from his confederate, Cumberland, and placed with a negro charged with rape. Cumberland thinking that the jail was on fire aroused the town with his yell. The negroes will be taken to the new jail at Marlinton this evening.

Personal.

J. C. Price, Esq., of Clover Creek, was here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Patterson celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of their marriage, on Tuesday.

Guy Slaven, formerly of this county, has been lying ill in the west. For awhile his life was despaired of, but the latest news from the daily letters received by friends here, is that he is better.

The school closed last Friday. The examinations were searching, and many of the pupils made a gratifying exhibit. Messrs. McLaughlin and Wyson are to be commended for their close and faithful attention to their duties.

Mr. Joe Loury, Jr., and Paul Crummet, of Huntersville, paid this office a very acceptable visit, last Thursday, and called on many other friends.

Mr. J. H. Buzzard, of the eastern part of this county, was in Marlinton, Thursday, and seems full of business.

One of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell's children is quite ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Nannie Lindsay (nee) McClure, has returned to her home in Indiana. She was accompanied by her father, Mr. James McClure, as far as Beverly.

Mrs. Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, was the guest of Mrs. Holt, last Friday night.

Mrs. E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, is visiting her friends at Marlinton.

Miss Mattie Welch has returned from a long visit to her parental home near Mingo.

E. H. Moore, of E. H. Moore & Co., of Academy, was here on Monday. He accompanied Miss Josie Walker, who was returning to Lynchburg, Va., having closed her school at Dunmore. — *Ronceverte News.*

F. J. Snyder, Esq., started for the Soldiers Home at Richmond, Va., last Friday.

Dilley's Mill.

(DELAYED.)

Mr. Hicks' prophecies, are being fulfilled by this weather, but we hope the worst is over. Feed may be scarce, but we think there will be a supply in this vicinity.

Mr. J. W. Grimes, is at home again after teaching a most successful school on Slaty Fork.

Miss Lula Aldridge, of Swago, is attending school at Mt. Zion. Miss Nora Sharp, of Elk, intends attending the same school.

The celebration (or anniversary) night on Brown's Creek was much enjoyed by some of our young people especially those who tapped the keg of "Lagger beer," and as sugar was not protected, each suffered from an extravagant hand. The popularity of the former, and the superfluity of the latter made a very palatable drink.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

John F. Wanlass, while fixing a cattle shed on his farm was seriously hurt, by its suddenly falling crushing him to the earth. He was taken up by his friends who thought at the time that life was extinct, but was resuscitated. He is still suffering from bruises received.

ABOUT MUSIC.

We learn that Prof. Miller is teaching a singing school at Frost. We are glad to hear of the good work going on, for it is needed in our country. A winter's evening cannot be spent more pleasantly. Prof. Miller advocates the very kind of music we need in this mountain country, and that is character notes. We admit that the round notes are all right for those that have nothing else to do—only to how now over them. So we say to the Professor, go on, and your system of character notes will take our people by storm.

ANONYMOUS

Hillsboro.

Last Saturday the sun broke through the heavy wintry clouds that obscured him, and flooded the earth with his golden light. As it was ground-hog day, that little weather prognosticator (if he was out) could not keep from seeing his shadow. Therefore all ground hog believers tell us winter will continue its icy reign for six weeks longer. With due respect to the ground-hog, and his backers, we don't believe it.

COLD DAY FOR SNAKES.

Mr. Geo. Clark while looking in his well one day last week, saw what he thought to be a small piece of rope lying on the water; after a closer inspection however he found that it dodged about too much for a piece of rope. He put down his bucket and succeeded in getting the strange looking object into it, and when he pulled it up he found that he had a pretty good sized snake, of the garter species. He threw it out on the snow, and he said, in about three minutes it became so numbed with cold that he "could stick it right up in the snow, like a rod of iron."

A HARD NUT.

One Henry James who was lodged in jail some time during last March, on a charge of rape, and tried and acquitted at the June court, has gotten into trouble again.

Mr. Nick McCoy was a witness for the plaintiff in the case mentioned, and some statements he made so incensed Jones, that he threatened to burn him out. He also, made like threats against other parties in the neighborhood. Mr. McCoy bearing of it, at once took steps to have him arrested, when he told him if he would let him off he would leave the country and never return; he was released on that promise, and went away. Last week he returned, having been gone for about eight months. Mr. McCoy was apprised of his being in the neighborhood again, and on

last Saturday morning when passing through Mr. F. A. Renick's place on business, accidentally ran across him; Jones took to his heels, and Mr. McCoy put a savage dog he had with him, after him, and in a short time he was safely perched on a fence nearby. Mr. McCoy unarmed, approached him, and told him to surrender. Jones who had a gun, at first dissented, but seeing Mr. McCoy's determined manner, concluded to give himself up. He was taking before Squire Bruffey near Lobelia. We haven't learned as yet how Mr. Bruffey disposed of the case.

OTHER ITEMS.

Miss B. F. Clark has secured a school, at Logan C. H. this State, and will start for that place on the 5th. We wish her much success in her new surroundings.

In the near future Mr. Wm. H. Overholt is going to put up a planer near what is known as the Miller Ford, on the east side of the Greenbrier River. He has a large lot of timber there that he proposes to saw and plane on the ground, and the raft on the river to Ronceverte for shipment.

Another cold Sunday, with the mercury down to 18° below zero.

On last Monday morning a child was born to Mrs. Joseph McNeil, which lived but a few hours.

"JENKINS."

We are having fine winter so far. On last Sunday morning the thermometer was down to 16 degrees below zero.

Mr. Harvey Curry and wife spent last week visiting in our village. Mrs. Curry can not walk at all and has to be carried on her rolling chair from house to house but when in the house she can go from one room to another without help.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Oliver a fine girl. George wears a new hat now.

Green Bank.

We are having fine winter so far. On last Sunday morning the thermometer was down to 16 degrees below zero.

Mr. W. H. Grose, of Huntersville, and Mr. F. D. Arbogast, of Traveler's Rest, were in Green Bank last Saturday.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Arbogast, of Traveler's Rest, was visiting in this neighborhood last week.

Mr. C. M. Fultz is holding protracted services at the Pine Grove school house.

Rev. C. L. Potter will preach at this place next Sunday at 11 A. M., and at Traveler's Rest at 4 P. M.

Mr. H. F. McElwee and wife are off on a trip to Marlinton.

Rev. S. L. Peter, is holding a protracted meeting this week.

PETER TICKLE BRIGGS.

Lobelia.

Still cold and freezing.

Mrs. Vaughn is very low with rheumatism. The sick generally are all up.

Geo. Kinnison is hauling logs to the saw mill, and he talks of building a new house.

Feed is getting scarce in this part, but there is plenty of grain.

Some of the people are preparing to make sugar.

The turkeys are coming in from the mountains, and a stray bullet may light on one.

B. Hill caught another red fox, making three for him.

AN UNFORTUNATE DEER.

Tom Vaughn found a deer, dead, with its feet sticking through the fence. It was on a hill side, and the deer must have slid there on the snow crust, and could not get out again.

DOCTOR WANTED.

We think that some young physician would do well to locate in this section. We have from 75 to 100 families on this side of the mountain.

A RANDOLPH COUNTY ITEM.

We have been personally informed that Hon. S. B. Elkins has pensioned the young man whom his son accidentally shot, while hunting together last fall. His name is Currie. Mr. Elkins paid the doctor bill to the amount of \$500, and other expenses, and pays him \$50 per year as long as he lives. Not such a bad man after all. OBSERVER.

Clover Lick.

News is scarce this week; nothing of much importance.

The people are generally well.

Mr. S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank, was over the other day.

John R. Showalter, and Howard Meeks, are visiting relatives in Highland county.

Hanson Carpenter, the gentleman who slid down the hillside not long since, to see his brother in-law, Clark McCloud, says, this is the first time he has been able to be out since. He is about well.

Jas. McLaughlin, late of this county, son of Geo. McLaughlin, is in Kansas, and doing well. So a letter informs us.

Geo. Pringle, of Randolph county, who has been ill with fever, is much better. He has been in bed eight weeks.

The ground has been white with snow for 43 days, and weather cold in accordance. Feed is a going to be scarce.

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THE CAPITAL OF KOREA.

DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER CITY ON THE GLOBE.

It lies in a Great Basin Surrounded by Lofty Mountains and is Called Seoul—The Massive Wall.

I DESPAIR of giving you an accurate idea of the Korean capital, it is so different from any other city on the face of the globe, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the *Washington Star*. It is such a mass of the beautiful and the ugly, of civilization and barbarism, of the old and the new that I don't know how to describe it. Take its situation. It lies in a great basin surrounded by mountains, which in some places are as rugged as the wildest peaks of the Rockies, and which in others have all the beautiful verdure of the Alleghenies or the Catskills. The tops of these mountains oft rest in the clouds and the masses of vapor hang in their recesses above the green plain upon which the city is built. They change in their hues with every change of the heavens, and they give Seoul a setting more gorgeous than jewels.

The basin below is just about large enough to contain the town, and a great gray wall from thirty to forty feet high runs along the sides of these hills, bounding the basin and mounting here and there almost to the tops of the lower mountains. It scales one hill of at least one thousand feet in height, and this wall incloses the whole city. It was built in nine mouths by an army of two hundred thousand workmen, about five hundred years ago, and it is a piece of solid masonry, consisting of two thick walls of granite packed down in the middle with earth and stones. Its top is so wide that two carriages could easily be driven about it, and it has, on the side facing the country, a crenellated battlement, with holes large enough for its defenders to shoot through with arrows. There are no cannon upon it, and it will be no means of defense against the batteries of the Chinese or the Japs in the present struggle. Its only use in late years has been to keep out the tigers and leopards. This wall is more than six miles in length. It is pierced by eight gates, the arches of which are as beautifully laid and cut as those of any stone work you will find in the United States. Each of these arches has a curved roof of black stone. This rests upon carved wooden pillars, which rise above the tops of the walls and which form watch towers for the soldiers. Over the great south gate, the main entrance to the capital, there are two such roofs, one above the other, which are guarded at their corners by miniature demons of porcelain, which seem to be crawling along the edges of the structure. It would not take much more than a Gatling gun to batter down the heavy doors by which these arches are closed. These doors are bigger than those of any barn in our country. They are swung up on pivots made by pins fitting into the masonry at the top and the bottom. They are sheathed with plates of iron riveted on with big bolts, and up until now the common Koreans have believed them a defense against the enemy. They have as much ceremony connected with them as other nations have with their forts, and there are officers in charge of them who would lose their heads if they failed in their duty. Every night just at sundown these gates are closed, and they are not opened again until about 4 in the morning.

The signal of their closing and opening is the ringing of a massive bell in the exact center of the city. After this those who are in cannot get out, and those who are outside cannot get in.

It was just after this that the hour for closing the gates of the city approached. I waited and watched. First two men came from the gate house and sang out in Korean the words that the gates were closing and the time was short. Their voices were as shrill as those of an iman of a Mohammedan mosque when he calls out the hour of prayer from the minarets, and they held on to their final tones for the space of twelve seconds by my watch. As they cried there was a grand rush for the gates. Hundreds of men in black hats and white gowns ran ghost-like through the darkness. Bare-headed coolies dragged great bullocks with packs on their backs through the doors, and porters by the scores, loaded down with all sorts of wares, came stumbling along. There were coolies bearing closed boxes, in which were their mistresses. There were officials on horseback and nobles on foot, all pushing and scrabbling to get in before the gates closed. As I watched the big bell pealed out its knell, and the two men grasped the great doors and pulled them together with a bang. It took the strength of both to move each one of them, and the gates locked with a spring. The key, which remains with the King overnight, is not brought back from the palace till the morning. It is a massive bar of iron, and it takes a sledge hammer to drive it into the lock. Similar locks are on the gates to the wall, which incloses the palace of the King, and on each of the eight gates of the city.

Inside this great wall, within this setting of mountains, lies the city of Seoul. It is a town bigger than Cincinnati, Cleveland, Louisville, Washington, Buffalo, or Detroit. It contains more than three hundred thousand people, and it has scarcely a house that is more than one story high. It is a city of wide streets and narrow, winding alleys. It is a city of thatched huts and tiled one story buildings. On one side of it are the palaces of the King. They cover an area as large as that of a thousand-acre farm, and they are massive one story buildings surrounded by great walls and laid out with all the regularity of a city. As you stand on the walls of Seoul and look over this medley of buildings, your first impression is that you are in the midst of a vast hay field, interspersed, here and there, with tiled barns, and the three biggest streets that cut through these myriad haystacks look like a road through the fields. You note the shape of the thatched houses. They are all formed like horseshoes with the heel of the shoe resting on the street. The roofs are tied on with strings, and the thatch has grown old, and under the soft light of the setting sun it assumes the rich color of brown plush, and there is a velvety softness to the whole. As you look closer, you see that the city is divided up into streets, and these narrow and widen and twist and turn, without regularity or order. One part of the city is made almost entirely of tiled buildings. These are the homes of the swells, and over there not far from the gate above one such building you see on the top of a staff the American flag. That is the establishment of our legation to Korea, and the cozy little compounds about it are the residences of the missionaries and of the other foreigners who reside in Seoul.

Come down now and take a walk with me through the city. There are no pavements on the streets and you look in vain for gas lamps or the signs of an electric light. This city of three hundred thousand people is entirely without sanitary arrangements, and the sewage flows along in open drains through the streets. There are no water works, except the Korean water carrier, who, with a pole across his back, takes up the whole sidewalk as he carries two buckets of water along with him through the streets. Mixed with the smell is the smoke. This comes out of chimneys about two feet above the ground, which jut out from the walls of the houses into the streets. Fit a stovepipe into your house at right angles with the floor of the porch and you have the average Korean chimney. At certain hours of the morning and evening each of these chimneys vomits forth the smoke of the straw which the people use for the fires of their cooking and the air becomes blue. The doors to the houses along the street are more like those of a stable or barn than the entrances to residences. They are very rude and in the bottom of each is cut a hole for the dog. Such doors as are open give no insight to the homes of the people, and I was in Seoul for some time before I knew that these doors facing the street were merely the entrance gates to large compounds or yards in which were very comfortable buildings. I thought that the nobles lived in these thatched huts. They are in reality only the quarters of the servants, and the homes of the better classes contain many rooms and are in some cases almost as well fitted for comfort as those of our own. These houses along the streets have no windows to speak of. There are under the roof little openings about a foot square. These are filled with lattice and backed with paper. They permit the light to come in, but you cannot see through them. Here and there I noted a little eyehole of glass as big around as a red cent, pasted onto the paper, and as I go through the streets I find now and then a liquid black ball surrounded by the cream-colored buttonhole which forms the eyelids of a Korean maiden looking out.

WISE WORDS.

A good deed needs no applause.

Poetry is thought run into molds.

An idle brain is Cupid's workshop.

Work off in whispers your surplus words.

A woman's age is one of nature's secrets.

Willful ignorance is an incurable ailment.

Love is contagious, epidemic and incurable.

Pedigree has ruined many a fine young man.

One little fact is worth more than a ton of theory.

There is nothing more contagious than grumbling.

Love is a fancy that the disappointed tenderly cultivate.

It certainly takes very little to make vain people happy.

Some people might as well be crazy; they have no sense.

People who never look up are no account at lifting up.

Do not force others to bear the burden of your song.

We follow precedent as long as it gives us the advantage.

PERILS OF A LANDSLIDE.

WHAT CAUSES THE SUDDEN MOVEMENT OF ROCK AND EARTH.

Heavy Rains Loosen the Soil Along the Surface of Steep Hills—Some Terrible Slides.

IT is a question which of the two, the avalanche or the landslide is the more terrible engine of destruction. The avalanche is by far the more awful, and would be indefinitely more destructive were it not confined to countries frequented by few but venturesome travelers.

Landslides, on the contrary, may occur in any place where valleys lie below steep hills. Their coming may not be predicted. Without warning, in the twinkling of an eye, the mountain's skin of rock and earth moves from its resting place, crawls slowly at first down the steep slope and then gathering momentum plunges into the valley below, carrying death and destruction with its fall.

The cause of the landslide is nearly always the same. In all rocky countries the soil is only a skin or covering for the solid rocks of the mountain's core. It lies upon the slopes rather more than twelve or fifteen feet thick, often sharply inclined and clinging to its rocky foundation chiefly by its own weight.

In seasons when there are violent and long continued rains the water soaks the soil to the bottom, and lubricates the rocky surface underneath with ooze and mud. If then the slope be steep enough it often follows that the skin of earth slides downward of its own enormous weight, and gathering momentum, becomes a mighty avalanche before which great trees are broken like straws.

It is very rarely indeed that a landslide occurs during any but protracted spells of wet weather, and in such exceptional cases some readily discoverable local causes, such as unwise excavations, can always be found.

The tremendous rain falls of this spring were the cause of that Canadian landslide which occurred at St. Albans, on the banks of the St. Anne River, on April 28. This was the most terrible landslide that has ever taken place in Canada, and has few parallels on the continent.

The circumstances attending this catastrophe were these: The St. Anne River three miles from St. Albans makes a long curve to a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet in height. The mountain descended precipitously to the cliff over whose rim the water poured. The river is the outlet of the entire watershed of the Laurentian Mountains, and this spring it was swollen to such abnormal proportions that vague fears of some catastrophe were felt. But no one predicted the awful catastrophe that followed.

The country about St. Albans was well settled with lumbermen. There perhaps four thousand persons in the neighborhood. Below the falls was a fertile valley, with pulp mills and farms.

The first crash occurred in the early morning, and aroused the inhabitants from their beds with a noise like distant thunder. It was found that there had been a slide of the earth which stayed the rocky foundations of the falls. Many thousands of tons of rock and earth rushed down into the valley, burying several mills and houses. Three or four persons were caught in the fall.

During the next hour there was the most intense excitement. It was realized that this was but the beginning, and thousands fled, leaving their homes and their stock. They left none too soon. Three hours after the first fall the side of the mountain began to slide down upon the doomed falls. At first the movement was gradual. Soil and rocks and trees, covering vast area of mountain side, all unchanged in their relative positions, bore slowly down upon the river. Then the movement was accelerated. There was an awful roar. Down came the gigantic landslide, while the mountain trembled. It struck the valley just above the falls, and wiped the falls out of existence. It carried away the entire cliff over which the St. Anne poured its muddy torrent. It swept into the lower valley. Resistlessly the mountain side plunged down the valley, obliterating the farms, the homes, the river itself. It did not stop until six miles of territory had been utterly devastated.

When all had settled and there was opportunity to study the results of this appalling landslide it was seen that a new map would have to be made of the township. There was nothing left as it had been before. The falls were gone completely, and the river had found a new channel three miles away. Tracts of woodland a quarter mile or more square had been moved four or five hundred yards, the trees remaining standing. Other large tracts had been literally plowed up, and the timber ground to atoms.

In place of the great pool at the foot of the falls was now found a field. Beyond it the former channel of the river was filled with huge masses of rock. No one knowing the country as it had been could possibly have found a single familiar feature throughout a space of six square miles. Many

acres of woodland disappeared altogether.

The damage, of course, was frightful. The town escaped, but seven farm houses, with their stables and buildings, were wiped out of existence, and a number of mills of various sorts disappeared also.

About a dozen persons were killed, in spite of the three hours' warning. Great herds of cattle were buried. Thousands of domestic animals, floating down the river and into the St. Lawrence, brought the first news of the disaster to the cities below. Booms and wharves were carried away where the river joins the St. Lawrence, and caused a loss there of \$75,000. The damage to the lumbering interests centring around St. Albans was nearly \$1,000,000.

There was a fatal slide in Brooklyn, on the morning of April 29, 1854. It was on the heights, at the foot of Farman street. At that time the bluffs overlooking the bay were not, as now, retained by great stone walls, and spring rains, of unusual persistency, resulted in the loosening of a large portion of the heights. Without any warning, thousands of tons of rock and dirt started down the slope, and buried almost out of sight a two story brick building that stood at the foot of the hill. Two persons were killed, and several wounded.

Perhaps the greatest landslide of Northern Europe occurred at Vardalen, Norway, in May, 1893. A few miles north of Trondhjem a large mountain rises precipitately above the Lovanger Valley, then a fertile plain, dotted with prosperous farms, surrounding a lake.

The slide measured three miles across and followed a pathway down the mountain slopes more than six miles in length. The mighty mass gave notice of its coming by fearful thunderings far up on the mountain, but so rapid was its downward flight and so broad the swath it cut that few had time to make good their escape.

Twenty-two homesteads, on as many great and fertile farms, and fifty cottages lay in the course of the great slide between the base of the mountain and the lake. All of these were utterly destroyed. The frightful momentum gained in the descent of the mountain carried the mass straight across the valley into the lake, sweeping in front of it farms and houses and men and herds.

The lake was changed in a twinkling into a sea of mud, in whose depths were buried hundreds of human beings and thousands of domestic animals, while the prosperous valley of farms was left heaped with the rocky rubbish of the mountain.

The records of landslides contain no other recital of a horror equal to this.

—New York Herald.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Book-keeping is first mentioned in Italy about 1569.

Bermuda farms bear three successive crops in one year.

Shoes are first mentioned in Egyptian annals 2000 years B. C.

Street railways occupy 397 miles of the streets of New York City.

A bed of white clay of great purity has been discovered at Oxford, Miss.

It is said that an electric railway, 300 miles long, is to be built, connecting Boise City and Lewiston, Idaho.

A locomotive has been built in this country and sent to a Brazilian railroad. The Brazilians have named it "Fourth of July."

The English postoffice authorities report that the average number of postal cards which are posted each day without any address on them is nearly 2000.

A little daughter of J. F. Tombley, of Vienna, Ga., is said to have the largest head on record—thirty-six inches around. She is blind, but not idiotic.

The Lincoln County (Maine) Register of Deeds has come upon some old entries written by Daniel Webster when he was teaching school and doing copying evenings.

Daniel M. Spraker, of the Mohawk National Bank, of Fonda, N. Y., who recently celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday, is the oldest bank president in the United States.

W. L. Henderson, of Mount Vernon, Ga., has found an old quarter of a silver dollar. In the old days the people used to get quarters by cutting dollars up with an ax.

"Wood's Hotel," one of the few remaining buildings of London that are associated closely with Charles Dickens, is about to be demolished. In one suite of rooms Dickens passed through some of the many vicissitudes of his life.

The portrait of himself which Henry Clay pronounced the best is to be found in a patchwork quilt which has been on exhibition recently in a Kentucky county fair. It ornaments the central square of the quilt and is valued at \$1000.

The largest diamond in the world, the Cullinan, was discovered on June 30, 1905, in the mines of Jagersfontein, Cape Colony, by Edward Jagger, Inspector. It is a stone of the first water, valued at \$1,000,000. It weighs 271 carats.

A SONG OF LOVE TIME.

Sing a song of love-time—

All the world is light;

Bubbles on the river;

And the stars a-shining be;

Sing a song of love-time—

All the world is sweet;

Rainbows round the heavens;

Lilies at your feet!

Sing a song of love-time—

Sorrow in eclipse;

Boys children climbing;

To the leaning of your lips;

Sing a song of love-time—

Sing it—sing it, birds!

Set the sweetest music;

To the sweetest human voice;

Sing a song of love-time—

All the world made new;

And a heaven that is nearer;

Than the heaven in the blue.

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A civil tongue is a better friend for the head than a steel-horned Ham's Horn.

Praising yourself relieves friends of a great burden.—C. Plain Dealer.

What availeth it if a girl we kid slippers and nobody sees Oil City Blizzard.

Some men ought to be ashamed of themselves, but they never think about it.—Galveston News.

People who are always telling troubles are never at a loss for something to talk about.—Ram's Head.

No person ever lives the years of man without wisdom having written that letter.—P.

We don't believe a long-haired man knows any more about medicine than a short-haired man.—Atchison Globe.

He—"Shall we take the car to town?" She—"No, Jack; let the cars take us down town."

"Oh, doctor! doctor! I've a fibert." "Swallow a nut, madam. Five dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

Hughes—"By Jove, old man, we are looking extremely well taking a vacation?" Brafford—"Truth.

A man spends most of his time around home in wondering what women folks have "hid" in their wants.—Atchison Globe.

Stewart—"Miss Mitford is a magnetic girl." Darley (who is)—"I have heard that she shuns one she meets."—Truth.

Kate's Clever Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

Muslin is sometimes enveloped in 1,000 yards of bandages.

Dr. Elmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

The first dentist in America made a set of teeth for General Washington.

How's THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Cataract that cannot be cured by Hall's Cataract Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

Ward & TUDOR, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALNUT, KINNAM & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free.

Price, 50c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

PNU 41

'94

Valued Indorsement

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.



Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowes, N. Y. All druggists.

WELL Drilling Machines for any depth.

DEEP

Best line of Portable and Semi-Portable Machines ever made. Drill 8 to 12 inches in diameter, all depths. Horizontal and Down Drilling, Water Power, Self Pumping Tools for shallow wells. Have tools for large and deep wells. State size and depth you want to drill.

LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

EASTMAN COLLEGE, Pittsfield, Mass., offers both seats for the best educational advantages at the lowest cost. Beautiful buildings, riveting studies, superior instruction, Department of Science, English, French, Latin, Greek, and Higher Languages. Premiums given for the elementary branches, no vaccinations. Positions obtained for successful students. Address, The Carolines, 110 Washington Street, Pittsfield, Mass., U.S.A.

COLLEGE

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID
A fine Family Picture, entitled
"MEDITATION" in exchange for 10 large
envelopes, with a stamp on each
envelope, and a letter to the
writer, enclosing the price, postage,
and handle, a little, gratis.

WYOMING SPRINGS CO.,
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PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,
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Successfully Prosecuting Claims.
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Moral and Social Improvement, 1000 a month.

MONEY MADE IN WALL ST.
M. B. LATHAM & CO.,
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Write for our letter.

PICTURE FREE
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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The starfish has five eyes.

Phonograph cylinders are now made of hard soap.

The telephone is about to be introduced into China.

Experiments in weaving by electricity are being tried in Germany.

Bailey, the astronomer, figures out the weight of the earth at 6,049,836,000,000,000 tons.

Sapless cedar blocks from regions swept by forest fires are used in paving Detroit (Mich.) streets.

The largest comets are so rarified that they never harm planets or satellites by colliding with them.

Sanctorius, an Italian physiologist, estimates that five-eighths of all the solid and liquid food taken are excreted by the skin.

An examination of the eyes of many animals has shown that the natural shape of the pupil in cats and other members of the genus Felis is circular.

A ton of Dead Sea water contains 187 pounds of salt; Red Sea, 93; Mediterranean, 85; Atlantic, 81; English Channel, 72; Black Sea, 26; Caspian Sea, 11.

The group of sun spots now visible is nearly 80,000 miles in breadth. It is not remarkable for any unusually large spots, but rather for the great number of smaller ones and for their wonderful activity.

Petroleum is to be used instead of coal on the locomotives of the Riga Railway, in Russia, and reservoirs are to be built for this purpose at five cities, capable of containing collectively 1,000,000,000 pounds of petroleum.

A Bordeaux physician has treated two cases of violent attacks of hysteria by simply holding the tongue beyond the teeth for a few minutes. The attacks were brought to a speedy close after the usual remedies had failed.

An interesting ethnological exhibition has opened on the Champs de Mars, Paris, consisting of caravan of the Chamba tribe, men, women and children, with their animals and household trappings, brought there by the explorer, M. Brunet.

A scheme has been proposed to reduce the friction of salt water against the sides of a steamer, which, it is claimed, will increase the speed fifty per cent. It is to force air through the vessel's plates and thereby form a narrow space between the iron and water.

Dr. J. A. Gilbert, of the Yale physiologically laboratory, who some time ago completed a series of tests regarding the mental and physical developments of the pupils of the New Haven (Conn.) public schools, discovered that boys are more sensitive to weight discrimination than are girls, and that girls can tell the difference in color shades better than boys.

Water Your Horses Often.

Feeding a horse principally on grain and driving it five hours without water is like giving a man salt mackerel for dinner and not allowing him to drink before supper time—very unsatisfactory for the man. If you know anything about the care of horses and have any sympathy for them, water them as often as they want to drink—once an hour if possible.

By doing this you will not only be merciful to your animals, but you will be a benefactor to yourself, as they will do more work, look better, and live longer. If you are a skeptic and know more about horses than any one else, you are positive that the foregoing is wrong, because you have had horses die with watering them too much, and boldly say that the agitators of frequent watering are fools in your estimation, and you would not do such a thing. Just reason for a moment and figure out whether the animal would have overdrunk and overfilled his stomach if it had not been allowed to become overthirsty.

A driver who sits in his wagon and lassos his worn-out, half-curried, half-feed, and half-watered team deserves to be punished as a criminal.—Our Dumb Animals.

Rescue of a Sand Hill Crane.

"The devotion of birds to their young is one of the most beautiful sights of nature," said William P. Buxton, of Dubuque, last evening. "I saw a striking illustration of this characteristic while on a hunting expedition up in Minnesota last fall. One day I shot and wounded a young sand hill crane, which with several others, was resting on the prairie. At the report of my gun all the birds took flight with the exception of the wounded one and one other, which was almost certainly its parent. The injured bird made several attempts to fly, and finally succeeded in rising some ten or fifteen feet in the air, but as it could not sustain itself it fell again to the ground. It tried again, however, and the parent bird, seeing the trouble the young one was in, placed herself underneath it, allowing it to rest its feet on her back, both birds continuing all the while to flap their wings. In this way, much to my amazement, she succeeded in bearing it off to a place of safety."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Because They Were Men.

Here is a conversation between two men that I heard yesterday morning. If they had been women I wonder what would have happened.

"Have you met the new partner in that firm yet?"

"Yes."

"Is he a young man?"

"No; not very young. About your age, I should think."

"Do you think I am old?"

"Oh, not very old, but you are considerably older than I am."

"I doubt that, but how old are you?"

"I'm 36. How old are you?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Then I am younger, but I thought you were even older than that. You look older."

"Uh, you think so?"

"Yes. Maybe it's the bald spot that makes you look older. Then you have an old figure, too."

All this was said in perfect earnestness, and yet the men parted friends.

There Are Others.

It is a pleasant world and there are no end of good people in it. But the seamy side is there, too, and the stories that come from that side now and then are such as to make one ashamed to be happy, almost. "I went to see my washwoman when I heard she was ill," says a Boston lady in the Transcript, "and found she had been in bed for nearly a week. Her husband is in the habit of coming home very drunk and throws things at her and beats her. This time it was worse than usual."

A Means Out of the Difficulty.

Any strain or bending of the back for any length of time leaves it in a weakened condition. A means out of the difficulty is always handy and cheap. Do as was done by Mr. Herman Schwabegel, Abingdon, S. D., who says that for several years he suffered with a chronic stitch in the back, and was given up by doctors. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured him. Also Mr. John Lucas, Elkhorn, Ind., says that for several years he suffered with pains in the back, and one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured him. There are manifold instances of how to do the right thing in the right way and not break your back.

Levity Out of Place.

One of the national vices of the American people is levity—the unhealthy quality which, in contradistinction to honest and wholesome gaiety or humor, turns all serious things to ridicule, and undermines the qualities of earnestness and of respect for real distinction.

A person reading the debates in Congress or in the state Legislatures must sometimes wonder whether the most influential debater is not he who can make his fellow-members laugh the oftener with humorous trivialities.

In a recent debate, a member, who was arguing against the appointment of certain federal officers from other States than those to which they were to serve, said that he opposed such appointments because he was fond of watermelons, and he was afraid that if "any more men were sent West from Georgia there would not be enough able-bodied persons left there to harvest the watermelon crop."

At this the house laughed. It may have served well enough as a joke, but it was hardly to be accepted as an argument in favor of the point which he was urging.

Many debates consist largely of such jokes, bandied back and forth between members. There is a general favor of cynicism and insincerity about such contests, not of real wit, but of idle levity—as if the members did not choose to take the public business as a serious matter at all.

Such a tone on the part of our legislative debates is a most unfortunate matter. The good citizen is not cynical about the public business. He knows that seriousness, sincerity and earnestness are the prime virtues of the public servant.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation,

ROOFING

Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped every where.

PAINT

red and black, for metallic roofing. Crocote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDERS

that shorten or lengthen for tanners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER

heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICES

low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

W. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS**Order of Publication.**

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff, vs.

Jannie B. Skiles, *et al.*, def'ts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for \$500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for \$500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven months after date, with interest after ninety days from date;

One for \$500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due thirty nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date.

For which bonds a vendor's lien is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Jannie B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Baldwin are non residents of the State of West Virginia

it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in said suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 7th day of January, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,

R. S. TURK, p. q. Clerk.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless #ithrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$167.48, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Roncoverte, Roncoverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said #ithrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said #ithrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court house of Pocahontas County on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder, for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Paul Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situated in Pocahontas County, West Virginia on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said George J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1889, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 466, in which deed reference is made to a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Trustee.

**TRUSTEE'S SALE OF
A VALUABLE LOT
NEAR MARLINTON.**

BY VIRTUE of a deed of trust executed by C. Z. Hevner and S. E. Hevner his wife to S. L. Brown, trustee, dated on the 25th day of July, 1894, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in Deed Book, No. 25, on page 851, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Hevner, for \$500 with interest thereon from the 7th day July, 1894, payable to T. W. G. French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, I. S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895, between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by "ay of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real estate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas as near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlin's Bottom and Le Isburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Hevner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894, and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book No. 25, page 267, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular description of said land.

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site

S. L. BROWN, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, January 9th, 1894.

Attorney.

Commissioner's Notice.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, *et al.*

In Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATTON,
[1-11-95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate of any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February, 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. A. BRATTON.

[1-11-95-4t] Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.

vs.
Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 25th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento aperto* of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of such debts due, discharged, by the administrator to whom he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

3d. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place you may attend L. M. McCLINTIC,
[1-11-95-4t] Commissioner.

James Whitecomb Riley.
From the Chicago Record.

Here is an amusing and characteristic bit of verse which James Whitecomb Riley wrote in the autograph album of a fair feminine admirer:

The redbreast loves the blooming bough—

The bluebird loves it same as he;
And as they sit and sing there now

So do I sing to thee—

Only, dear heart, unlike the birds,

I do not climb a tree

to sing—

I do not climb a tree!

Riley's charm for the cure of corns is a receipt well worth knowing, and it is perhaps interesting, too, as a bit of Hoosier folklore:

Prune your corn in the gray of the morn

With a blade that's shaved the dead,

And barefoot go and hide it so

The rain will rust it red;

Dip your foot in the dew, and put

A print of it on the floor,

And stew the fat of a brindle cat,

And say this o'er and o'er:

Corny! morn! bady! dead!

Gorey! sorey! rusty! red!

Footsy! putsy! floory! stew!

Fatsy! caty!

Mew!

Mew!

Come grease my corn

In the gray of the morn,

Mew! mew! mew!

Wanless.

(DELAYED.)

Plenty of sickness. On the sick list are, Charles Curry's family, Jas. McLaughlin's twin babies, Mrs. Caroline Tracy, pneumonia, John Cassell and wife.

Benj Tallman has just completed a new dwelling house, on Dr. Austin's farm, on Leatherbark. Mrs. Agnes Galford has improved the looks of her property by the addition of a new porch.

Randolph Galford, the champion hunter, has killed ten turkeys and three deer this winter. One of the deer was a very remarkable animal having seven points on each beam.

Our school is flourishing under skillful management of Mr. Ezra Wooddell.

There is a good prospect of a wedding in this vicinity if the water keeps low.

Notwithstanding the cold weather and snow drifts, our mail never fails to be on time. It is carried on foot a distance of sixteen miles, by "Blind Henry," who deserves great praise for his promptness.

ANONYMOUS.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

What is**CASTORIA**

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulence. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

Dr. G. C. Osoom,

Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kincheloe,

Conway, Ark.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merit of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,

Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS**CURES**

Colic,

Cramps,

Diarrhoea,

Flux,

Cholera

Morbus,

Nausea,

Changes of

Water, etc.

HEALS

Cuts,

POCAHONTAS TIMES

VOL. 12, NO. 29.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1895.

\$1.00 IN AD

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell. Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic. Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast. Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns. Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown. Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson. Assessor, C. O. Arbogast. Commissioners Co Court, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow. County Surveyor, George Baxter. Coroner, George P. Moore. Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, H. Gross, Huntersville; Wm. J. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCULINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

BEDIMENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D., HAS LOCATED AT FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

To go or stay, is what bothers almost every youth who is old enough to choose for himself. Certainly, some of our young men who are morbidly turning the question over in their minds, have had a little experience in leaving home when they were but children. We will take it for granted that one of them has tried it. It was about the time when he came to consider himself too big to be whipped, while his parents were of the opinion that it was the very thing he needed to make him grow. He can remember how it was. He had got a good dressing down, and he felt himself damaged to an irreparable extent. He has started off walking out through the orchard and has hit the road for a few miles. Sitting down a few miles from home, he has concluded, on thinking the matter over, that maybe he had better go back before it is too late to avoid a fuss, and so goes home again. His mother wants to know where he has been, and he says he has been a fishing. Now he has grown up and can choose for himself, he is thinking only whether he can make more money away from Pocahontas than he can at home, and forgets that the same sort of feeling will come over him, ten times as strong, when he is away out West, or down South, that he felt as a runaway boy, when it was so easily remedied by sneaking back. He has never had any experience with that strange feeling called home-sickness, which breaks out in so many different forms of disease or crime, brought on the exile by an unaccustomed separation from all that he has ever been used to. This is not taken to his calculations, and if he could realize that many a boy has been wrecked morally or physically by home-sickness, who maybe never knew it, it might be the thing that turned the balance in favor of staying at home. What "a fellow" thinks about most, when he contemplates leaving the old country, is the coming back, as an important visitor. The boy imagines what a figure he would cut, and how Mary Jane would admire him, if he would come back in a few years dressed up like that drummer he saw the other day, with same kind of big gold watch and chain. He does not think so much about the means of working up to this important event. As to the relative chance life in this county gives to the young man, we know very little about it. There are places, no doubt, in this world where a boy could go and pick up a peck of diamonds in a day. But they have never been discovered. Any place in America which furnishes board and clothes, has been gobblled up long ago, and a boy must stand as good a chance to cut a niche for himself at home as elsewhere. He is on to a few ropes at home, anyway. Even if he is in disgrace, it is nobler to stay and live it down than to run from it. As an illustration along this line, we may refer to the migration of young men which has been noticed this year in this county. Since last year there has been a constant stream of woodsmen, going from this county to find work in the lumber camps west of us, and returning without finding it, and a like stream has been setting towards Pocahontas from those regions with like success. It is extremely fortunate when a boy's hopes center around a life at home.

State and General News Items.

THE West Virginia University has remained a good while without the appointment of a president. During this time the Vice President, Reynolds has been acting as the head of the institution, and the college has prospered wonderfully under his management. There is much talk now that at the end of the present year, there will be many changes in the faculty. It would be a very fine thing if Hon. Wm. L. Wilson were to become president of the college again, and it would be wise to offer him a magnificent salary, such as he could accept.

AT Buckhannon, Loy D. Brady, son of the jailer, who was acting as night watch at the jail, on Sunday night, January 27th, went into a cell, and had a game of cards with some prisoners. While there Roland Perkins, for years porter at the Valley House of that town, and who was in jail on a charge of bastardy, attacked him and tried to get the keys of the jail away from him. Young Brady's arm twice struck the big tongs and east, killing him instantly. A verdict of justifiable homicide was rendered.

BERKLEY SPRINGS are to be improved by a northern company, if the contract of sale is ratified by the present legislature. The springs, are the property of Morgan county by the gift of Lord Fairfax, more than a century since. The county has never been able to improve the springs. The sale provides that company shall spend \$200,000 on hotel and grounds.

A WHOPPER like this is going the rounds. A boy in Braxton county broke through the ice on the river, and was carried a long distance under the ice, by a rapid current. He reached a shallow place, however, where he lay until a peck of dried apples which he was carrying, swelled and burst the ice. He was resuscitated.

THE Meachen Railroad to be built through Rockingham county is canvassing the county for bonds to the amount of \$150,000. The directors give the county until the 23rd of February to raise this amount. If not raised by that time, the county may count on doing without the road.

Hon. H. G. Davis speaks of the extension of the West Virginia central into Pocahontas, as a matter of fact. He says that nothing can be done until the Hagerstown extension is completed, which will be in about a year. He adds that it takes more than a day to build a railroad.

AN old mare recently died in Taylor county, aged 33 years. The owner of this animal has sold \$1,800 worth of colts from her, and it is estimated that her services in hauling goods were worth \$2,000.

THERE is a belief that every tenth year ending in the figure five, is the year the wheat fails. Thus wheat failure was experienced in 1875, 1885, and we may look for short crops in 1895.

THE Supreme Court has decided that, to call a man an "Ex-officer of Judge Lynch's court," is criminal libel, when it is published in a newspaper.

A CERTAIN farmer received the question from a query box at a debating society, "How do you wean a mule colt?" His answer was, "Kill the mare."

THE case of the Greenbrier Industrial Exposition, vs. Squires, from Greenbrier county, has been submitted to the Supreme Court.

A STAGE manager could not find any sawdust in the city of St. Albans, O., and was obliged to import some from Wheeling.

IN the recent fixing of the county line, Tucker gains about 10,000 acres hitherto claimed by Grant county.

LAST Saturday was frozen to death between Weston and June Lee, last week, while drunk.

Local Matters.

A SERIOUS question is presenting itself to the attention of the owners of bluegrass lands. The sod is dying out, and every year more and more "poverty grass" or "moonshine" makes its appearance in its place. The line of progression seems to be from north to south. The limestone forming the bluegrass land lies north and south, being a very thin strata in the northern part of the State and deepening as it goes south. No doubt but what the bluegrass has enemies in the way of grubs which weaken its hold, as it can hold its own with anything when the circumstances are favorable. The protection of the skunk, as proposed by Delegate Anderson, is on this line. A great deal of the bluegrass land is too high for farming, and most fit for grazing. This adds to the importance of protecting the bluegrass.

THE older citizens can remember the time when fine walnut trees were burned in log heaps, or fencing rails made from them. Then if a man wanted a walnut tree, any friend would let him pick the finest tree on the place and take it for nothing. Now we consider oak in this category, but the day is very close at hand when a perfect oak tree will be worth as much to the owner as if it was a walnut. There are fortunes in oak, but no timber is so widely diversified as the oak, and while a greater part in the county is worthless, there are bodies of beautiful trees which will prove a mine of wealth to their owners.

A CITIZEN of our county was asked by a visiting friend how it came that his stock looked so sleek late in the winter, and were so free from vermin, and presented such a healthy appearance generally. His explanation was that it was his habit to put chopped onions in their feed. The cattle seem to be very fond of such, and will eat it greedily. The idea seems to have been suggested by the fondness all stock have for the ramps they get when turned out to range. He thinks onions worth all they might cost and more for the benefit calves get from them in their winter feed.

MR. JOSEPH B. McNEEL, a prosperous farmer on Buck's Run, is one of the fortunate ones who do not realize the hard times, so much talked about the past year or two. He bought a nice lot of calves in the fall, kept them a few weeks, and sold at a profit. He raises more supplies of every kind than is needed for his table use, and realizes ready, remunerative sale for all he can spare. His idea is that whenever the people generally spend less than they dig out, that "hard times will come again no more."

IN talking over the subject of firearms, some one said that Mr. P. D. Yeager, of Traveler's Rest, was probably the first man in this section to have his flintlock rifle altered to become a gun firing a percussion cap. When the work was done, he went out to the back of the shop to fire it off, while all the bystanders ran to a very safe distance for fear the gun would burst. Soon a muzzle loading gun will be as much of a rarity as a flintlock firepiece, the which but few of the younger generation have seen.

THERE is a report going that a citizen shot at a supposed burglar the other night with an old Confederate musket and cleaned out the entire panel of fence. It was only a late call, however, and the householder was too hasty. If the charge had hit the young man, there would not have been enough of him left for identification.

A CERTAIN school teacher of this county was asked in school by a pupil how bananas grew. He told the child that they grew in the ground like potatoes, classifying the fruit as a tuber.

China is suing for peace. And thereby hangs 100,000,000 taels.

Some Hunting.

Hugh C. Sharp, the proprietor of a fine old Elk, can tell you no scrapes than almost any can run across. He is a and probably the finest in this section of the country. A hunter or fisherman finds a door open to him, who is an expert at both.

He has even found an bear that has gone in quarters. As is well known, Christmas, and some say mas day, the black bears find a dry sleep until food becomes again, which is generally the first of April. They go into caves, while some find places in hollows good many years ago, winter, he saw on a dry at least thirty feet high fresh scratching. Know bear had been seen on the fall before, he was believe that a bear was inside. He went for a walk, climbed up a small tree and could look down the hole snag.

As was expected, away the bottom of the hole, the below him, could be bright eyes burning as steadily as two lamps came back the next day, Sharp climbed and shot eyes, which were still shining an army pistol. There a foot from the shot other the eyes were not seen. Upon cutting open the tree, a two-year old found stone dead with hole exactly between his eyes.

The tale of the killing sheep killing bear about very interesting. When gets so big and strong, not afraid of dogs, he goes to killing sheep, and then almost as great a number as the man eating tiger of In man who kills such a bear country a service. About there was a bear which had about a foot long, which was eating a sheep every night body in the Elk country, always killed one sheep over. One night he left a sheep eating it. Twelve men and dogs waited by it the next. The bear came and got the crowd at his heels. He mind the dogs in the least. Finally the bear stopped, the men thought he was tired, were running up a narrow when presently the dogs back by them, and the men in time to escape a charge the bear. The reason the bear stopped was that the sheep he was carrying had become ten in the fork of a bush could not tear it loose and not leave it. He had to tear off a hind-quarter and then on in the winter, after killed about forty sheep Sharp's, Hugh got a shot one day when the dogs were out of a laurel patch right. He says he was as big as a man and as he refused to swerve he had to shoot at his neck ran over. The bear dropped awhile. Before the rifle could be loaded again the bear had gotten up and started off. He was bleeding very badly. The next day they found him in the snow away into the valley country, the bear having all the way. But he had stopped to lie down. After a half a day, the hunters return with out a single place where the bear had a rest. It is all but certain the bear died at the place down, any way never can.

Mr. Sharp can tell you a time and one tales like the above time when bear was as big as sheep, and panthers could be found in greater abundance than foxes and rabbits.

Washington's birthday next

Washington's birthday next

MY BEST.

I may perform no deed of great renown,
Nor glorious act to millions manifest;
Yet in my little labors up and down
I'll do my best.
I may not paint a perfect masterpiece,
Nor carve a statue by the world confessed
A miracle of art; yet will not cease
To do my best.
My name is not upon the rolls of fame,
Tis on the page of common life impressed;
But I'll keep marking, marking just the
same,
And do my very best.
And if I see some fellow-traveler rise
Far, far above me, still with quiet breast
I keep on climbing, climbing toward the
skies.
And do my very best.
I may not be the beautiful and grand,
But I must try to be so careful lest
It fail to be what's put into my hand—
My very best.
—Henry Guy Carleton.

A PORCELAIN CUP.



NE morning as I was strolling through the streets in the neighborhood of the Opera, I stopped in front of a shop of curiosities and antiques and ran my eye over the different articles displayed in the window, of which the majority were old acquaintances, and some of which had passed through my own hands.

As I was about to pass on, the door of the shop opened, and who should come out but my friend Octave Du-croz, whom I had not seen for several months. The moment he saw me, he came forward and I noticed that he seemed annoyed and that the hand he gave me trembled in a way I had never known before.

"What has happened," I inquired of him, "you look worried."

"Oh! these women, these women!" he growled in a voice that seemed addressed to his own reflection rather than to me. "Do not trust their promises, do not place any confidence in their vows! It's enough to make a man blow his brains out."

"I'll see that you don't do that," I said quietly, passing my arm through his; "I shall stick to you like a shadow."

"If you only knew," continued the poor fellow. "And it is only five years ago. I was in love, head over ears in love. I loved with all the passion and intensity of a first love. It was with a beautiful young girl at Batignolles. She was staying with her mother, and in order to remain by her side as long as she lived she had refused many offers of marriage. Louise Audry was as lovely as she was noble in her devotion to her mother.

"You know how the heart loves to adorn the object of its affections with all the graces and charms imaginable. I was fortunate enough, too, to prove not displeasing to Louise, and before long we had formed the delightful plan of uniting our destinies and getting married. We decided to wait two or three months before taking the final step.

"Unexpected events, however, caused a different disposal of our plans. Compelled to take a long journey, of which the termination seemed doubtful, I found myself obliged to postpone the wedding until my return. When we said goodby Louise gave me a faithful promise to wait for me as long as events might make necessary.

"As a token of my tender affection I begged her acceptance of an extremely beautiful porcelain goblet that had been left to me by my grandmother and which I cherished as the apple of my eye. Louise was delighted to possess an article that would constantly remind her of me, and promised me that whatever might happen she would not suffer it to leave her possession.

"Those were her last words. Shortly after they fell from her beautiful lips I started on my journey.

"Four years passed, as you know, before I returned to France. During that time I was in the centre of Africa, conducting explorations, and practically exiled from the world, receiving no news and able to send none.

"As soon as I arrived in Paris I hurried to see Louise, to whom I had telegraphed from Marseilles. Alas what a cruel deception was in store for me!

"The house she used to live in had been torn down and removed by the construction of a new street. No one knew where Mme. Audry and her daughter had gone to live, and all my efforts to trace them were ineffectual and vain.

"Several months have gone by since then without any news to change the unhappy state of affairs.

"This morning, while looking through the shops to find a birthday present for my sister, I went by chance into the shop where you have just met me.

"I examined first the numerous trinkets displayed in the show cases; the ancient jewelry, the enamels, ivories, china sets, miniatures and masterpieces of the arts of the gold and silver smiths. Then the salesman

placed in my hands some dainty figure in Saxon chins, and called my attention to several graceful vases, Japanese bronzes and dainty articles of crockery ware.

"While searching thus for something that would make a present a little out of the ordinary run I walked up and down the shop in front of the show cases and let no corner escape my attention. In this way I found myself at length in front of a tall case with closed glass windows, beside which a young girl was sitting with some embroidery work in her hands.

"And in this glass case, just about the height of my eyes, what should I see standing on a shelf behind the shining glass pane but the old porcelain goblet I had given to Louise. Yes, the very same it was! The exquisite piece of Sevres that had such deep significance for me and with which so many tender memories and associations were linked.

"At first I was inclined to doubt my eyes, but on looking closer it was no longer possible, for I knew every detail of it by heart, and I recognized them all beyond the possibility of being mistaken.

"There was the wreath of flowers so finely and delicately worked in with threads of gold and silver, forming a crown work in which alternated harmoniously a superb rose cluster, with leaves and buds and a bunch of dainty little flowers, red and blue! I could not mistake it. There, too, was the artistic mounting that I knew so well, with the three bronze supports representing the heads of animals peering forth out of dense foliage and chiseled by the hand of a master.

"My surprise speedily gave way to indignation, as you may well understand. This treasure of my heart in a shop! This gem, linked with so many family traditions and representing the faithfulness of my first love, exposed to the public eye of the chance and ordinary buyer!

"In spite of her solemn oath she had sold the goblet—and forgotten me, who gave it to her. Oh! woman, woman, woman, all and always the same, you are the personification of inconstancy and the lie.

"Naturally, you will understand, I had only one thought in my mind—to buy the goblet back again. I asked the price.

"Ah! Monsieur," answered the clerk, "the precious objects in that case are in the special care of Mme. Brunand, the proprietress, and she alone attends to any business connected with them. Mme. Brunand has just gone out, and I can say nothing about them. Perhaps Mademoiselle has some instructions."

"No," answered the young girl thus addressed, putting down her embroidery and raising her eyes to me. "Mother takes charge of all in the case, Monsieur, and I have not even the key. My mother will return at 6 o'clock and Monsieur will, perhaps, look in again to night."

"I said that I would do so and left the shop.

"Eh bien! My dear Octave," I said, interrupting my friend in his tale, "we will both go there together, for I do not mean to leave your side until this matter is cleared up."

"Cleared up!" he exclaimed impatiently, "there's no clearing up about it. The solution is evident and obvious. I am forgotten and my token has been thrown away and sold."

Poor Octave! His heart was full of bitterness. Apparently disappointed and deceived in his first love, he was ready to curse the whole sex and to class them, one and all, as false, faithless and cruel.

At 6 o'clock we returned to the shop. Octave entered alone and I walked up and down outside waiting for him and looking in at the shop windows. I had to wait a long time, nearly an hour. Evidently the interview was not hurrying on with winged feet.

At length my friend came, his face radiant.

"Well," I cried, "have you got your goblet?"

"Yes, no; that is to say, I have it and I haven't it! Ah! my friend, I hardly know what I am saying, I am so upset, so happy! Ah! do you know that women are angels! Don't you understand me?"

"I must confess that—or—"

"Well, I'll tell you all about it. The moment I entered the shop the little girl with the embroidery met me and said her mother had just come in.

"I followed her to the further end of the store, where, in the semi-darkness, I saw a woman coming to meet me.

"Madam," I said, "there is in your showcase an article that I feel disposed to purchase."

"Yes, Monsieur, I know," she answered quickly. "You refer to the old porcelain goblet. I regret it exceedingly, monsieur, but it is not for sale.

It is only here to be kept for the one person who has the right to reclaim it and to whom it belongs."

"And how do you know, madam, that I am not the person?"

"At this moment the clerk lit the gas, and we found ourselves suddenly face to face in the strong light.

"Louise!"
"Octave!"
"This unexpected meeting naturally

caused long explanations. These Louise gave me frankly and freely. When their house was pulled down Mme. Audry and her daughter left Batignolles to live in Paris. A short while after there was a financial catastrophe, which made a great stir and ruined many people, among them Mme. Audry. The old woman shortly afterward died of grief and disappointment.

"Without news of me and in a condition of hopelessness and despair Louise found herself at the end of her strength and resources, when an old friend of her mother's, a M. Brunand, who kept a curiosity shop, turned up to help her. He was a widower, over sixty years of age, and with a young daughter on his hands he found himself rapidly going into decline.

"Anxious to find some one who would be a friend to the girl after his death, and knowing the kind heart of Louise, he offered her his name, his house and his home.

"That is how Louise became Mme. Brunand and was called mother without being a mother; how the goblet always remained in her possession, and how I have the pleasure now to announce our approaching marriage, at which I trust you will do me the honor to be best man."—From the French.

The Modern Pin Machine.

When pins were first invented, some time during the third decade of the sixteenth century, it took one man a whole day to make two dozen, the market price of the day's output being but three shillings. Even as late in the present century as 1838, one pin went through the hands of twelve persons before it was finished and folded away in the little sheet of paper of the regulation green. To-day, however, everything is different in the pin factory, a single machine turning out a stream of the little, neatly polished, sharp-pointed implements at the rate of 200 per minute, day and night.

This wonderful little pin-making automaton is not larger than a sewing machine, but it has more invisible knives, springs, sharpeners and pliers about it than a steam thrasher.

The wire from which the pins are made is coiled around a small drum attached to the rear end of the machine, different sizes of wire and pliers being used for the several varieties of pins. The wire passes from the drum into the machine through a small hole provided for that purpose being kept straight and taut by a brake on the drum and a series of iron pegs across the platform of the machine. A queer little pair of pliers ("catchers") seizes the wire and thrusts it through a hole, where it is held while a small hammer beats a "head" on the forward end of the wire. Here it is held until a knife descends and cuts the wire in proper pin length. Next it is allowed to drop into a groove through which the heads cannot pass, and while being held in that position is exposed to the action of a set of small files, which almost instantly give it a smooth, sharp point. The pin is now finished and ready for the polishing tub, which is simply a revolving barrel in which the pins are cleaned and polished by their own friction. After going through the polishing tub they are boiled in a solution of acid and zinc. This latter operation gives them their shining appearance. After going through the acid bath they are accounted as being finished and ready for the market.—*St. Louis Republic*.

War-ars Against Field Mice.

The farmers of France have been having a great deal of trouble with field mice. In some parts of the country they have become so numerous and destructive that it is impossible to produce any crop.

Every acre of land furnishes a home for thousands of these pests.

An ingenious device has been tried to rid the land of these pests, and has been very successful.

The method adopted was to dissolve

some gelatinous cultures of pathogenic bacteria capable of producing an infectious disease in mice, then soaking

a great number of small cubes of bread in this solution, and placing the bread near the holes every day for three days in succession.

Within two weeks from the time when this treatment was begun scarcely a live mouse was to be found in the district.

When the burrows were opened their galleries were

found to be filled with dead mice.—*St. Louis Republic*.

Should Have Been "At."

In its regard for forms the law is often more nice than wise. This was evidenced in the recent action of the United States Court in New Hampshire, which held an indictment bad,

hopelessly defective, and untriable,

because the bank from which the accused was charged with embezzling

money has described as "of Manchester," instead of "at Manchester."

There will be new indictments, proba-

bly, and a great deal of expense and

time will be incurred in remedying

what the ordinary layman would not

deem a defect. There should be a

change in law or practice, so as to

permit the amendment of indictments

where amendment would not affect

the specific character of the charge.—*Boston Transcript*.

Should Have Been "At."

"Louise!"

"Octave!"

"This unexpected meeting naturally

CATCHING PRETTY POLLY.

THE PARROT HUNTERS' RISKS IN OLD MEXICO.

Only Young Birds Taken—They Require No Training—Habits of the Talking Birds.

PARROT hunters who plunge into the La Cruz River bottoms in Mexico and remain three months to make a catch of as many hundred birds take their lives into their hands. He is exposed to waylaying people who instinctively hate Americans; he must ever be on the alert against a night surprise by wild beasts; he may catch a violent fever and perish unattended, or be eaten up by ormegeos, Mexican forest ants with a bloodthirsty record. Three hundred parrots are worth on an average \$12 apiece, which is \$3600. From that deduct the wages of half a dozen Mexican vagabonds who go along as tree climbers; the feed of five burros, the freight to New York by coast steamer, and from New York to Washington by rail, and the residus goes into the pocket of the venturesome parrot hunter, or the dealer who employs him.

One of the best-known parrot hunters in the United States is John Jacobs, from south of San Antonio, Texas, who recently superintended the shipment of 300 parrots to this city, all of which he captured himself in Mexico. Jacobs has been a hunter for twenty-three years. He chased butafaloes as long as they lasted, and now puts in his time hunting parrots and mocking birds. About the time that the parrot season is over the mocking bird season begins.

One of the first requisites of a successful parrot hunter is the ability to speak the Mexican patois like a native. Americans are not popular in the parrot country, and are only safe from imposition and unjust arrest if they can make themselves intelligible in Spanish and back it up with the judicious display of a six-shooter. The life of a parrot hunter is, therefore, one of unusual experience and interest.

The parrot needs no nest. The female selects a deep hollow in the highest tree trunks and there lays two eggs. This occurs about the first of May. The young are hatched about June 18; ten days elapse before they are able to open their eyes, and several weeks must be allowed for the young birds to out-grow their swab state and gain sufficient strength to be removed from the care of their parents. The parrot is a wily and a wise bird. It lays its eggs safely out of reach of ordinary danger, and takes good care not to betray their whereabouts. When the young birds are hatched they are fed twice a day by their elders, early in the morning and again just before the close of the day, and this usually betrays to the hunter the whereabouts of his prey. The birds in feeding their young give vent to a series of contented clucks and chuckles, which is answered by the young ones, and which is the only sign that indicates to the parrot hunter where the nest is hidden.

No white man, familiar with the danger, will himself undertake to climb the tree and capture the young birds. That work is reserved for the peons who accompany him. There is no danger from the parent bird, but almost every tree is guarded by a colony of ormegeos, which penetrate any kind of clothing and viciously attack the flesh beneath it, being known to destroy large numbers of young parrots. The suffering of the peons from the Mexican ants, in their ascent of trees in search of parrots, is sometimes pitiful. Their breasts are sometimes covered with blood, in their agony they fairly tear their clothing from their bodies and cast themselves upon the ground, weeping and moaning. Oftentimes the effect is to maim them, so terrible is their suffering. According to Jacobs, if their white master showed the slightest sympathy, they would refuse to go up again, for under the pitiable condition of serfdom in Mexico, these men are no better than slaves, compelled to do what they are bidden, regardless of life or limb. It is fortunate if, when a peon is nearly devoured by ants, he is within easy reach of water in which to bathe himself and assuage his agony. As the parrots always hatch their young where water is plenty, it seldom happens that the tortured peon cannot avail himself of nature's palliative at first hand. This experience is one that no white man would endure, and which of itself deters many jungle hunters from the exciting sport of capturing parrots. One peculiarity of these ferocious forest ants is that myriads of them move in a solid phalanx from tree to tree, carrying a load in an upright position at the head of the column like a banner, and resembling in their self-conscious progress a conquering army on a march of invasion.

The Mexican parrot is general factor as a talking pet in the double yellow head, a yellow top which, with age, develops into a sombre hood, extending completely over his head; and the better kind have red epaulettes. The difference between this bird and the African grey is that the American learns to talk earlier than the bird from the Dark Continent, but is sur-

passed by the latter in intelligence, while at the same time he is an expert whistler, and often learns to pipe a tune. The difference in gree is very slight, however, and in a practical sense the Mexican parrot is a popular biped, and sells two to one, as compared with his African competitor.

To avoid the ormegeos as far as possible and facilitate climbing the Mexicans use ropes, which they cast from one limb to another, and by which they ascend to the hollows where the young parrots are nesting. At the first sign of danger the parent birds articulate a sharp note of alarm, and the chuckling and chattering young fledglings as suddenly cease their noise as if an electric shock had paralyzed them. After the capture of their young the old ones sometimes flutter about camp and utter this cry of warning, at which the young parrots abruptly lapse into silence. Hunters never try to capture old birds, as they do not overcome their aversion to cage life and seldom learn to talk. Strange as it may seem, a young parrot is tame as soon as he is taken from his nest, and apparently is never conscious of the loss of his liberty. He is not immediately put into a coop to prevent his escape, as might be supposed, but 200 or 300 birds are kept together for weeks without any restraint whatever by simply spreading a cane roof over them on the ground, so that they are protected from the rays of the sun, for parrots are exceeding fond of shade. In their native state the birds live on mangos and the nuts of the ebony tree, but the hunters always always carry with them a supply of corn, which is reduced to a pulpy state by the use of the primitive mattata stone, and is fed to them in lieu of their native food.

The average parrot hunting expedition is made up of the hunter, six Mexican peons, and a drove of five or six burros, which are the chief means of transporting freight in the interior of the country. They are invaluable for this service, as they are cheap, easily kept, and capable of carrying a burden equal to their own weight. In many parts of Mexico wagons are almost unknown. The roads are rough and burros alone